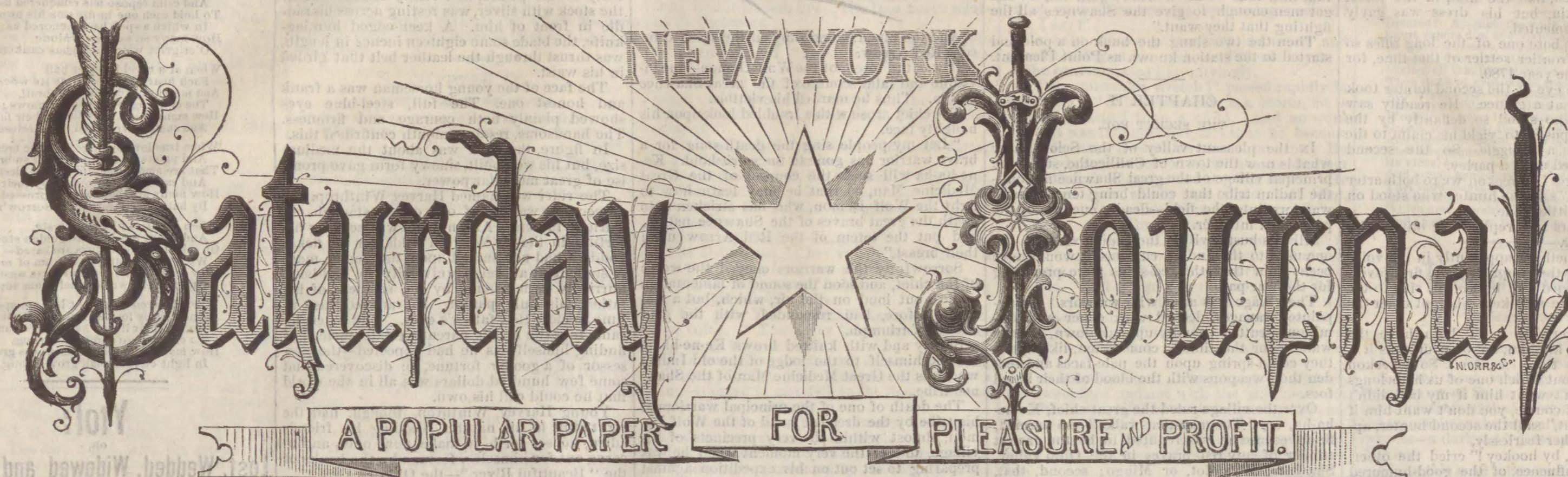


TWO GREAT SERIALS COMMENCED THIS WEEK

Republished by Request of Thousands, Albert W. Aiken's "Wolf Demon."

"DICK DARLING, THE PONY EXPRESS-RIDER." BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by BEADLE AND ADAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

MAH GUA STANT TO THOT A

Vol. IV.

E. F. Beadle, William Adams, PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 1, 1873.

TERMS IN ADVANCE

One copy, four months, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, 3.00.

Two copies, one year, 5.00.

No. 190.

A MEMORY OF TWILIGHT.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Round me fell the gloom of twilight,
Shutting out the world from sight,
But to me the stars like lamps of night.

"I'm so tired," my darling whispered;
"And I want to go to sleep;
I could hear the quail's shrill piping
From the shadows, dense and deep.

"Take me on your bosom, mamma!"
Oh, how weak my darling's words,
But to me they held the music
Of a thousand singing-birds.

Closely I held her to my bosom,
Strained against my aching breast,
But the mother arms about her
Could not soothe her into rest.

"Sing," she said. There was a ditty
To an old-time melody
That I used to sing to hush her
When I lay her down on my knee.

And I sang this simple ditty
To its old, familiar air.
While my tears were falling, falling
Like a rain upon her hair;

"Hush, my child, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heavenly blessings, without number,
Gently falling on thy head."

Came a light, so soft, so tender,
From the shadows in the west,
And it touched my darling's eyelids
With the blessed balm of rest.

Oh, that light—so strange, so radiant!
I have often thought, since then,
That an angel touched my darling
And so charmed away her pain.

For she slept—the last sweet slumber
The last sweet slumber knows,
And her face grew strangely quiet
In a new and sweet repose.

Ah, she slept, to wake, at morning,
On the calm, eternal shore,
To that new and strange existence,
Wrapped in rest forevermore.

RED ARROW,

THE WOLF DEMON;

OR,

The Queen of the Kanawha.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF "ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROB," "THE MAN FROM TEXAS," "OVERLAND KIT," "RED MAZEPPA," "ACE OF SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," ETC., ETC.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

DURING the summer of '64, I spent some three months in the district in Ohio, bounded by the Ohio, the Little Miami, and the Muskingum rivers, and in some of my pedestrian excursions I penetrated into the almost trackless wilderness that even now exists in some parts of West Virginia, on the eastern bank of the Ohio, the "white-oak land," almost worthless for agricultural purposes. I spent some time, too, in the town of Gallipolis, formerly the great central village of the Shawnee tribe. All this region is rich in Indian stories, handed down by tradition, from parent to child. In my rambles, I chanced to hear a rude and disconnected story of a terrible demon that had once afflicted the Indians about the time of Corn-planter, and the great expedition against Point Pleasant, on the Ohio, where the savages sustained such a terrible defeat. Putting the scattered links together, aided by the local traditions relative to the exploits of Boone, Kenton, and the renegades Girty and Kenderick, soon perceived that I had the materials for a romance of the early times along the Ohio that bid fair to far surpass, in interest, the usually dry recitals of the Indian border wars. The "Wolf Demon" tradition gave to the story of the sanguinary struggle an intense interest. That it is more than probable such a being could have existed, any well-read man in medical lore will surely affirm.

As far as possible I have verified local tradition by written annals, and have in no wise departed from the history of the troublous times wherein the great pioneer, Daniel Boone, played so prominent a part.

Probably the best proof that my story is, in the main, correct, is the request on the part of the leading daily newspaper of Wheeling, West Virginia (near to the scene of action of the story), to republish the romance in their columns, a request that I was compelled to decline, as the SATURDAY JOURNAL holds the copyright of the work.

Since the publication of the romance, I have read it carefully, and, like the artist who lingers over the finished picture, giving it here and there a touch, to make "completion more complete," I have added a few words now and then, either to make the dramatic action stronger, or else to bring the romance still nearer to historical truth.

"Ross Cottage," ALBERT W. AIKEN,
Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 23, 1873.

THE PROLOGUE.

IN THE GLADE AND BY THE MOONLIGHT.

THE great, round moon looked down in a flood of silver light upon the virgin forests by the banks of the Scioto, the beautiful river which winds through the richest and fairest valley in all the wide western land—the great corn valley of the Shawnee tribe—those red warriors who, in their excursions across the Ohio (the "La Belle" river of the early French adventurers) had given to the plains and valleys of Kentucky the name of "The Dark and Bloody Land."



The rays of the moon fell upon a huge gray wolf, who walked erect like a man.

The tree-tops were green and silver; but under the spreading branches, sable was the gloom.

The strange, odd noises of the night broke the forest stillness. One hears all noises in the night even in a civilized land; how much more wondrous then are the wild, free cries of the inhabitants of the great green wood, untrammled by the restraining hand of man!

The free winds surged with a mournful sound through the branches of the wood.

A ring around the moon told the coming storm.

Dark masses of clouds dashed across the sky, ever and anon vailing in the "mistress of the night," as though some unquiet spirit was envious of the pale moonbeams, and wished to cover, with its mantle, the earth, and cloak an evil deed.

A frightened deer came dashing through the aisles of the forest—a noble buck with branch-

ing horns that told of many a year spent under the greenwood tree.

Across a little open glade, whereon the moonbeams fell—kissing the earth as though they loved it—dashed the deer, and then, entering again the dark recesses of the forest, the brown coat of the wood-prince was lost in the inky gloom.

Then in the trail of the buck, guided by the noise of the rustling branches, came a dark form.

As the form stole, with noiseless tread across the moonlit glade, it displayed the person of an Indian warrior.

A red brave, decked out in deer-skin garb, stained with the pigments of the earth in many colors, and fringed in fanciful fashion.

The warrior was a tall and muscular savage, one of Nature's noblemen. A son of the wilderness untrammled by the taint of civilization—a form that cast behind it a shadow gigantic in its height.

The form did not pass across the glade, but skulked around it in the shadow, as though it feared the moonlight.

The warrior penetrated into the thicket beyond the glade, but a hundred yards or so.

Then satisfied that the deer was thoroughly alarmed and had sought safety in flight, the

warrior began to retrace his steps. The Shawnee brave dreamed not of the dark and fearful form—that seemed neither man nor beast—that lurked in his track.

He had hunted the deer, but little thought he, too, in turn was hunted.

The red chief guessed not that the dread demon of his nation—the terrible foe who had left his red "totem" on the breast of many a stout Shawnee brave—was even now on his track, eager for that blood which was necessary to its existence.

With careless steps the warrior retraced his way.

From behind a tree-trunk came the terrible form. One single blow and a tomahawk crashed through the brain of the red-man.

With a groan the Shawnee chief sunk lifeless to the earth.

The dark form bent over him for a moment. Three rapid knife-slashes, and the mark of the destroyer was blazoned on the breast of the victim, reddened with blood.

Then through the aisles of the forest stole the dark form.

All living things—the insects of the earth—the birds of the night—shrank from its path.

It crossed the glade full in the soft light of the moon.

The rays of the orb of night fell upon a huge gray wolf, who walked erect like a man! The face of the wolf was that of a human. In the paws of the beast glistened the tomahawk of the red-man, the edge now scarlet with the blood of the Shawnee chief.

For a moment the moon looked upon the huge and terrible figure, and then, as if struck with deadly fear at the awful sight, hid itself behind a dark cloud.

When it again came forth the strange and terrible being, that wore the figure of a wolf and the face of a man, had disappeared, swallowed up in the gloom of the forest.

Once again the creatures of the night came forth. Again the shrill cries broke the stillness of the wood.

CHAPTER I.

THE MARK ON THE TREE.

Two rifle "cracks" broke the stillness of the wilderness, that stretched in one almost unbroken line from the Alleghany and Blue Ridge peaks to the Ohio river. The reports re-echoed over the broad expanse of the Kanawha and Ohio rivers, for the shots were fired near the junction of the two streams—fired so nearly at the same time that the two seemed almost like one report.

Then, before the smoke of the rifles had curled lazily upward in spiral rings on the air, came a crash in the tangled underbrush, and forth into a little open glade—the work of Nature's master hand—dashed a noble buck. The red stream bursting from a wound just behind the shoulder and staining crimson the glossy brown coat of the forest lord, told plainly that he was stricken unto death.

The buck weakened; the dash through the thicket was the last despairing effort of the poor brute to escape from the invisible foes whose death-dealing balls had pierced his side.

With a moan of pain, almost human in its expression, the buck fell upon his knees, then rolled over on his side, dead.

The brute had fallen near the trunk of a large oak tree—a tree distinguished from its neighbors by a blazon upon its side, whereon, in rude characters, some solitary hunter had cut his name.

Scarcely had the death-bleat of the buck pierced the silence of the glen, when two men came dashing through the woods, each eager to be the first to secure the game.

One of the two was some twenty yards in advance of the other, and reached the body of the dead buck just as his rival emerged from the thicket.

Placing his foot upon the buck, and rifle in hand, he prepared to dispute the quarry with the second hunter, for both men—strangers to each other—had fired at the same deer.

The hunter who stood with his foot upon the buck, in an attitude of proud defiance, had reloaded his rifle as he ran, and was prepared to defend his right to the game to the bitter end.

In person, the hunter was a muscular, well-built man, standing some six feet in height. Not a clumsy, overgrown giant, hardly able to bear his own weight, but a man as supple and as active as a panther. He was clad in buckskin hunting-shirt and leggings, made in the Indian fashion, but unlike that fashion in one respect, and that was that no gaudy ornaments decorated the garments. Upon the feet of the hunter were a pair of moccasins. A cap rudely fashioned from a piece of deer-skin, and with the little flat tail of the animal as an ornament, completed the dress of the hunter.

The face of the man was singular to look upon. The features were large and clearly cut. The cold, gray eye, broad forehead, and massive, squarely-chiseled chin, told of dauntless courage and of an iron will. A terrible scar extended from the temple to the chin on the left side of the face.

The hunter was quite young—not over twenty-five, though deep lines of care were upon the face.

The second hunter, who came from the tangled thicket, but paused on the edge of the little glen on beholding the threatening attitude of the hunter who stood with his foot on the

deer, was a man who had probably seen forty years. He, too, like the other, was of powerful build, and his muscular frame gave promise of great strength.

He was dressed, like the first, in the forest garb of deer-skin, but his dress was gayly fringed and ornamented.

In his hand he bore one of the long rifles so common to the frontier settler of that time, for our story is of the year 1780.

The clear blue eye of the second hunter took in the situation at a glance. He readily saw that the man who stood so defiantly by the deer was not disposed to yield his claim to the animal without a struggle. So the second hunter determined upon a parley.

"Hello, stranger! I reckon we're both after the same critter," said the hunter who stood on the edge of the little glade.

"Yes; it 'pears so," replied the other, who stood by the deer.

There was something apparently in the voice of the last comer that impressed the first favorably, for he dropped the butt of his rifle to the ground, though he still kept his foot upon the deer's carcass.

"Well, stranger, we can't both have the game. I think I hit him, an' of course, as it is but natural, you think so, too. So I reckon we'd better find out which one of us he belongs to; 'cause I don't want him if my ball didn't finish him, an' of course, you don't want him if he's mine by right," said the second hunter, approaching the other fearlessly.

"You're right, by hooky!" cried the other, yielding to the influence of the good-humored tone of the other.

"Let me introduce myself, stranger, 'cos you seem to be a new-comer 'round hyer," said the old hunter. "My name's Daniel Boone; mayhap you've heard of me."

"Well, I reckon I have!" exclaimed the other, in astonishment. "That's few men on the border but what have heard on you. I'm right glad to see you, kurnel."

"How may I call your name?" asked Boone, who had taken a fancy to the brawny stranger.

"That's my mark—my handle," said the stranger, pointing as he spoke to the name carved on the tree-trunk by which the deer had fallen; "that's me."

Boone cast his eye upon the tree.

*A B L A R K
HIS MARK*

Such was the inscription blazoned upon the trunk of the oak.

"You see, kurnel, the buck evidently thought that it was a ball from my rifle that ended him, 'cos he laid down to die right under my name," said the hunter, with a laugh.

"Aha! Lark!" Boone read the inscription upon the tree aloud.

"Yes, that's me, kurnel; your'n to command," replied the hunter.

"Stranger in these parts?" questioned Boone.

"Yes," replied the other; "I've jest come down from the north. I camped hyar last night, an' this morning I jest put my mark on the tree, so that folks might know that I was 'round."

"I'm right glad to meet you," and Boone shook hands warmly with the stranger hunter. "And while you're in these parts, just take up your quarter with me. I'm stopping down yonder, at Point Pleasant, on a visit to some friends of mine."

"Well, I don't mind, kurnel; I'll take your invitation in the same good spirit that you offer it," said Lark.

"Now for the deer; let's see who the animal belongs to," cried Boone, kneeling down by the carcass.

"Why, kurnel, I resign all claim. It ain't for me to dispute with Kurnel Boone!" exclaimed Lark.

"Resign your claim?" cried Boone, in astonishment. "Not by a jugful. I'll wager my rifle ag'in a pop-gun that you're as good a hand at the rifle as myself. It's just as likely to be your deer as mine."

Then the two carefully examined the carcass. They found the marks of the two bullets easily; both had struck the animal just behind the shoulder, but on opposite sides. It was difficult to determine which had inflicted the death-wound.

"Well, now, this would puzzle a lawyer," muttered Boone.

"Suppose we divide the animal, share and share alike," said Lark.

"That's square," replied Boone. "We'll take the buck in to the station. By the way, what's the news from the upper settlements?"

"Well, nothing particular, 'cept that the red devils are on the war-path ag'in," replied Lark.

Boone was astonished at the news.

"On the war-path ag'in, eh? What tribe?"

"The Shawnees and the Wyandots."

"The Shawnees and the Wyandots!" cried Boone; "then we'll see fire and smoke gunpowder round these parts before long."

"I shouldn't wonder," said the other.

"Well, I'm glad that you have brought the news. We'll be able to prepare for the imps."

"You can depend upon it," said Lark; "a friend of mine has been right through the Shawnee country. They are coming down to the settlements in greater force than was ever known before. They've been stirred up by the British on the border. I did hear say that the British Governor agrees to give so much apiece for white scalps to the red savages."

"The eternal villain!" cried Boone, indignantly.

"The Injuns are a-goin' to try to wipe out all the settlements on the Ohio. It will be a blood-bath while it lasts," said Lark, soberly.

"We'll have to face it," replied Boone. "Did your friend what chief was going to lead the expedition ag'in us on the south?"

"Yes; Ke-ne-ha-ha."

"The man-that-walks," said Boone, thoughtfully. "He's one of the best warriors in all the Shawnee nation. Blood will run like water along our borders, I'm afraid."

"Yes, and the renegade, Simon Girty, is to guide the Injuns."

"If I had him within reach of my rifle once, he'd never guide another Injun expedition ag'in his own flesh and blood," said Boone, and his hand closed tightly around the rifle barrel.

"I was jest on my way to the settlement at Point Pleasant when I started up the buck this morning," said Lark.

"Well, I'm right glad that it happened as it did, 'cos I shouldn't have had the pleasure of meetin' you," said Boone. "Now, s'pose we swing the buck on pole an' tote it in to the station. I reasonably expect that there'll be some white faces over yonder when they hear that Ke-ne-ha-ha an' his Shawnees, to say nothin' of Girty, are on the war-path."

"There ought to be good men enough along the Ohio to whip any force those red devils can bring," said Lark.

"Well, they're awfully scattered, but I reckon that now that we know what's goin' on, we can get men enough to give the Shawnees all the fighting that they want."

Then the two slung the buck on a pole and started to the station known as Point Pleasant.

CHAPTER II.

THE SECRET FOE.

In the pleasant valley of the Scioto, near what is now the town of Chillicothe, stood the principal village of the great Shawnee nation—the Indian tribe that could bring ten thousand warriors into the field—deadly enemies of the pale-faced intruder.

"Hello, stranger! I reckon we're both after the same critter," said the hunter who stood on the edge of the little glade.

"Yes; it 'pears so," replied the other, who stood by the deer.

There was something apparently in the voice of the last comer that impressed the first favorably, for he dropped the butt of his rifle to the ground, though he still kept his foot upon the deer's carcass.

"Well, stranger, we can't both have the game. I think I hit him, an' of course, as it is but natural, you think so, too. So I reckon we'd better find out which one of us he belongs to; 'cause I don't want him if my ball didn't finish him, an' of course, you don't want him if he's mine by right," said the second hunter, approaching the other fearlessly.

"You're right, by hooky!" cried the other, yielding to the influence of the good-humored tone of the other.

"Let me introduce myself, stranger, 'cos you seem to be a new-comer 'round hyer," said the old hunter. "My name's Daniel Boone; mayhap you've heard of me."

"Well, I reckon I have!" exclaimed the other, in astonishment. "That's few men on the border but what have heard on you. I'm right glad to see you, kurnel."

"How may I call your name?" asked Boone, who had taken a fancy to the brawny stranger.

"That's my mark—my handle," said the stranger, pointing as he spoke to the name carved on the tree-trunk by which the deer had fallen; "that's me."

Boone cast his eye upon the tree.

Such was the inscription blazoned upon the trunk of the oak.

"You see, kurnel, the buck evidently thought that it was a ball from my rifle that ended him, 'cos he laid down to die right under my name," said the hunter, with a laugh.

"Aha! Lark!" Boone read the inscription upon the tree aloud.

"Yes, that's me, kurnel; your'n to command," replied the hunter.

"Stranger in these parts?" questioned Boone.

"Yes," replied the other; "I've jest come down from the north. I camped hyar last night, an' this morning I jest put my mark on the tree, so that folks might know that I was 'round."

"I'm right glad to meet you," and Boone shook hands warmly with the stranger hunter.

"That's square," replied Boone. "We'll take the buck in to the station. By the way, what's the news from the upper settlements?"

"Well, nothing particular, 'cept that the red devils are on the war-path ag'in," replied Lark.

Boone was astonished at the news.

"On the war-path ag'in, eh? What tribe?"

"The Shawnees and the Wyandots."

"The Shawnees and the Wyandots!" cried Boone; "then we'll see fire and smoke gunpowder round these parts before long."

"I shouldn't wonder," said the other.

"Well, now, this would puzzle a lawyer," muttered Boone.

"Suppose we divide the animal, share and share alike," said Lark.

"That's square," replied Boone. "We'll take the buck in to the station. By the way, what's the news from the upper settlements?"

"Well, nothing particular, 'cept that the red devils are on the war-path ag'in," replied Lark.

Boone was astonished at the news.

"On the war-path ag'in, eh? What tribe?"

"The Shawnees and the Wyandots."

"The Shawnees and the Wyandots!" cried Boone; "then we'll see fire and smoke gunpowder round these parts before long."

"I shouldn't wonder," said the other.

"Well, now, this would puzzle a lawyer," muttered Boone.

"Suppose we divide the animal, share and share alike," said Lark.

"That's square," replied Boone. "We'll take the buck in to the station. By the way, what's the news from the upper settlements?"

"Well, nothing particular, 'cept that the red devils are on the war-path ag'in," replied Lark.

Boone was astonished at the news.

"On the war-path ag'in, eh? What tribe?"

"The Shawnees and the Wyandots."

"The Shawnees and the Wyandots!" cried Boone; "then we'll see fire and smoke gunpowder round these parts before long."

"I shouldn't wonder," said the other.

"Well, now, this would puzzle a lawyer," muttered Boone.

"Suppose we divide the animal, share and share alike," said Lark.

"That's square," replied Boone. "We'll take the buck in to the station. By the way, what's the news from the upper settlements?"

"Well, nothing particular, 'cept that the red devils are on the war-path ag'in," replied Lark.

Boone was astonished at the news.

"On the war-path ag'in, eh? What tribe?"

"The Shawnees and the Wyandots."

"The Shawnees and the Wyandots!" cried Boone; "then we'll see fire and smoke gunpowder round these parts before long."

"I shouldn't wonder," said the other.

"Well, now, this would puzzle a lawyer," muttered Boone.

"Suppose we divide the animal, share and share alike," said Lark.

"That's square," replied Boone. "We'll take the buck in to the station. By the way, what's the news from the upper settlements?"

"Well, nothing particular, 'cept that the red devils are on the war-path ag'in," replied Lark.

Boone was astonished at the news.

"On the war-path ag'in, eh? What tribe?"

"The Shawnees and the Wyandots."

"The Shawnees and the Wyandots!" cried Boone; "then we'll see fire and smoke gunpowder round these parts before long."

"I shouldn't wonder," said the other.

"Well, now, this would puzzle a lawyer," muttered Boone.

"Suppose we divide the animal, share and share alike," said Lark.

"That's square," replied Boone. "We'll take the buck in to the station. By the way, what's the news from the upper settlements?"

"Well, nothing particular, 'cept that the red devils are on the war-path ag'in," replied Lark.

Boone was astonished at the news.

"On the war-path ag'in, eh? What tribe?"

"The Shawnees and the Wyandots."

"The Shawnees and the Wyandots!" cried Boone; "then we'll see fire and smoke gunpowder round these parts before long."

"I shouldn't wonder," said the other.

"Well, now, this would puzzle a lawyer," muttered Boone.

"Suppose we divide the animal, share and share alike," said Lark.

"That's square," replied Boone. "We'll take the buck in to the station. By the way, what's the news from the upper settlements?"

"Well, nothing particular, 'cept that the red devils are on the war-path ag'in," replied Lark.

Boone was astonished at the news.

"On the war-path ag'in, eh? What tribe?"

"The Shawnees and the Wyandots."

"The Shawnees and the Wyandots!" cried Boone; "then we'll see fire and smoke gunpowder round these parts before long."

"I shouldn't wonder," said the other.

"Well, now, this would puzzle a lawyer," muttered Boone.

"Suppose we divide the animal, share and share alike," said Lark.

"That's square," replied Boone. "We'll take the buck in to the station

"I want you to marry me, Ytol. I'll take you away from here; we'll travel through the Old World, and see all those sights you have so often told me you yearned for. My life, so far, has been aimless. You are the first woman I ever loved, since my dear mother died. I want you to see how great that love is. I'll try to make your life one never-ending hour of contentment and joy. Tell me, now: won't you be my wife?"

"Jerome, I can not."

Her head was drooping; the answer came hushedly, yet it was prompt.

"Do you love me?"

"Heaven knows I love you, Jerome."

"Then what is the secret that keeps you from me?"

There was no reply. Ytol was suffering, then, more than he could dream of.

"Are you made of stone, Ytol?" he asked, bitterly.

"Oh! Jerome, I dare not marry you—I could not. I tell you I love you; but it is not such a love as you seek and deserve, it is not the love a wife should bear her husband. You have been as a kind brother to me—and I have seen few friends that I have blessed you in my prayers, night and day. But I have no feeling beyond that. It were a sin for you and I to wed, when you would be sure to be disappointed in me. Won't you continue to be my brother? Oh! if you only knew!—if you only knew!" The last like a wail, the moaning of an anguished spirit that then controlled her.

"If I only knew what, Ytol?"

She was weeping, and made no answer to his question.

"This is a rejection, then."

"We can not marry, Jerome; my conscience forbids it."

"Be it so. I bid you farewell to-night, Ytol."

"Oh, don't go away," she said, clinging tighter to him.

"It would be torturing to me to remain—"

"Don't leave me!"

"On this very spot. . . . I hope you may be happy, Ytol. I wish I knew the secret—for it must be more than what you have told me—that places this cruel barrier between us. But, I'll not question you. I accept my fate. Once I thought there might be something in the world to give me true joy—that something yourself. You have denied me the boon. I shall try to survive this, by roaming out my loneliness in other lands. If we should ever meet again, and no other has won you for a bride, Time may, perhaps, have altered your heart, and I may taste the sweets that have here been held out to me in hope, then dashed to atoms. I shall never forget you, never cease to love you; but now—farewell, Ytol, farewell!" He displaced her hand, and stepped quickly back.

"Jerome! Jerome! Come back!—don't leave me forever!"

He was gone. He had pressed her hand in an icy grasp, then glided from her side, struggling manfully to crush the emotion that was rising in his breast.

A dwarf form rose out of the shadowy surrounding, and stole forward toward her—followed by a second, a female, moving as swift, noiseless, significant.

Danger hovered thick near Ytol, though she knew it not.

"Oh, Jerome! you think I have no heart, no passion, no feeling. Heaven help me! I am miserable enough without your disfavor; ay, miserable enough to bless the veriest beggar for a friendly deed or word. How could you leave me so?—you, the only man who has gladdened my moments with a brother's love. And have I done right? Why should I still be true to Wharle? I may never see him again; and if I did, we could be nothing to each other. I might make Jerome happy, even if I—!" She stopped short as her ear caught the stealthily approaching footsteps.

Her immediate impression was that Jerome was returning. A wild impulse seized her. She would take back the words that had made him so sorrowful; she would—

"Jerome! Oh! Jerome!"

But it was not Jerome. She saw two spectral figures darting upon her—a thrill of fear came over her, and his name froze on her parted lips.

Ere she could shriek she was encircled by a pair of strong arms, and a handkerchief, saturated with chloroform, was pressed down over her mouth and nostrils.

"Ha! ha! we have her at last. Tight, Catdjo!—hold her tight!"

Ytol struggled desperately; but it was not for long.

When she lay limp and still she was grasped in the muscular arms, and borne rapidly away toward the beach.

Her captors were Dwilla St. Jean and the Dwarf.

On the sands a life-boat was in waiting, and three men stood ready to launch it.

Ytol was deposited in the stern sheets; and, watching their opportunity, the boat was run out between the break of the waves. Catdjo and the men tumbled to their oars, pulling steadily in the direction of a bright light that rode on the billows ahead.

As the abductors made off, a shaggy object shot through the air in pursuit, uttering a loud, angry yell. It was Carlo.

The dog fell short of the boat, and was thrown back upon the sands on the crest of the flood-tide breakers. He essayed again to follow; but he could not, and each moment his mistress was receding further and further with her captors, till she was utterly lost in the gloom.

Then, amid the roar and surge of the ocean, rose the dog's long, doleful howl of distress.

Ytol was missed and promptly sought after. All search proved unavailing of course. When they had hunted everywhere around the hotel, and day-dawn was near at hand, Harry Drew ran down to the beach to see if there were any traces of her having been there. Perhaps, had he seen the furrow from the boat-keel and the numerous footprints, his suspicions would have been aroused; but there had been a severe storm toward morning, and an unusually high tide, and the tracks were obliterated.

He met Carlo, whose deep wail had drawn him thither from the plank walk.

"Carlo! Carlo! where's Ytol? Find her Carlo!"

The dog yelped and barked, and turned his muzzle toward the sea, and there were tears of grieving in his great black eyes. He seemed inconsolable; and Harry thought he read in his actions the story of Ytol's fate.

"Ytol must have been drowned!" he groaned, shuddering. "How could it have happened? How am I to tell the news?"—and, as if unwilling to yield to the belief that she had perished: "Ytol! Ytol! where are you?"

But the breaking day showed him a spotless sea, and all around was deserted. An ominous conviction that she was lost wrung his honest breast, and he turned sadly away from the lashing surf.

Carlo followed, anon pausing and looking back, uttering low whines.

Next day Jerome, too, was missing. He had disappeared as strangely as Ytol.

The whole was a mystery, for which Madame Gossip readily manufactured tales and hints in conjecture.

CHAPTER IX.

THE THREAT OF DOOM.

"That sudden gushing of our vain despair, When none but God can hear or heed our call." —NORRIS.

"The night came down in terror. Through the air Mountains of clouds, with lurid summits, rolled; The lightning kindling with its vivid glow Their outlines, as they rose, heaped bold on bold,

"Their outlines, as they rose, heaped bold on bold,

"—SARGENT.

During the evening dark clouds had gathered in the western sky, drawing slowly higher and higher in the heavens till the stars disappeared, and an impenetrable gloom lowered over head.

There were occasional lightning-flashes far off on the horizon, and faint boomerings of thunder warned of an approaching tempest.

Headless of this, a yacht was skimming over the rolling billows, her canvas spread like the wings of a huge night-bird, plowing the rising waves.

The red light in her bows had been extinguished, and the lantern at the helm only glimmered faintly in the inky blackness.

In the cabin, on one of the curtained bunks, lay Ytol—pale as a corpse, and seemingly dead. But there was life in the motionless form, to return with all its pangs and weary weights, and to the realization of new terrors.

A female, masked, and wearing a hooded cloak, stood beside the bunk, holding aside the faded draperies, and bending forward to watch the quivering lid and lash of the captive.

Behind the masked figure stood Catdjo.

The Dwarf's eyes were fixed on the couch with their old vacant stare; his arms were folded across his breast. He was like an ugly image of wood, save that he swayed with the lurching of the craft.

Pretty soon Ytol began to revive. There were symptoms of hysteria, convulsive tremblings, and she half-moaned, half-laughed as the drug gradually relaxed its influence upon her. Then the blue eyes opened wide.

"Wake up, Ytol Dufour!—wake up!" called the figure, leaning closer.

Wilderness still held the girl; for some moments she did not move a muscle.

"Who are you?" she asked, starting to her elbow, and gazing hard on the mask.

"One who has searched for Ytol Dufour these many years, and who sought your mother before you."

Ytol Dufour?—Dufour?

"That is Wharle's name—not mine," she thought, perplexed at the other's reply. "What can this mean? Oh! how my head pains me!" She pressed one hand across her eyes, for her vision was swimming, and her brain was aching sorely.

"Can you guess where you are?"

"No—where?"

"In mid-ocean."

"On the ocean!" incredulously.

"Far from friends, and in my power, Ytol Dufour. Do you hear?—you are being borne further and further from those who love you, deeper and deeper into the net of those who hate you, I say."

Ytol was dumb with a nameless feeling.

The disguised voice continued:

"You are completely in my power; no one near to hear you, if you cry for help. If you do not believe me, then test it."

It seemed as if she was not yet awake. She could not comprehend; yet the voice was threatening, penetrating, sharp in its accent.

The orbs in the eyelets of the black mask flashed burningly on her as their owner spoke.

Ytol's heart pulsated quicker, her face grew paler—if it were possible—as her eyes wandered to the hideous being who stood near the door. Her veins chilled as she recognized the same unearthly features that had terrified her, in the afternoon, at the 'net tryst.

"Where are you taking me to?" she faltered, while a gathering fear was written in her every lineament.

"To your doom, Ytol Dufour!—the same doom which was meted to Nora Dufour, your mother, by other hands than ours."

"My mother?" echoed Ytol. "But, my name is not Dufour!"

"It is. You are Ytol Dufour, the child of Nora Dufour, who was the last daughter of David Dane. And we hate you for it—we hate you!"

"Ugh!" grunted Catdjo, taking a step nearer, and clutching his fist.

"Oh! tell me!" cried Ytol, "did you know my mother? What became of her?"

"Think of yourself now, and not her. She was cast from a vessel named the Gipsy Queen by a man bribed to the deed by a brother of her husband. It saved us trouble. You will soon join her. You are to perish like her!"

"I? You are going to kill me?"

The figure nodded.

"No, no, no!" she screamed. "This is some cruel dream. It would be murder—you wouldn't murder me! What have I done?"

"A dream too real to doubt!" interrupted the malicious voice. "Look: do you see that piece of deformity?—leveling and shaking a finger at Catdjo—"do you see the hump on his back, and the scars on his face? Do you mark that he is silent?—he has no tongue! It was shot from his mouth by a pistol-ball, and your father held the weapon. Look at him, and you see that he is not a sight to be jeered at and spit upon? Can he ever be remade, or hope to regain the symmetry God gave him? And to your father he owes it all! Catdjo seeks vengeance. I have no special hate for you; but I must talk and act for him. He swore the oath of vendetta at the very altar where Silas Dufour wedded your mother—Silas Dufour, the drunkard. Do you think there is pity in his heart? Do not hope for it. You are his victim, and you are to die, to wipe out the wrong your flesh has perpetrated. See, Catdjo!—the picture!"

Ytol had listened, appalled. She was a look of terror in her staring eyes; she became rigid as marble.

The Dwarf, while Ytol's tormentor spoke, was worked upon by the recounting of his injuries. His dull orbs lighted up and burned malignantly. When she drew forth and held up to his gaze the medallion picture we have seen her exhibit in a former chapter, Catdjo's visage, contorted and red, assumed an expression of diabolical fury. A sound like the whining howl of an angry animal issued from his throat, he straightened and strained his arms at his side and gazed as if transfixed in passion.

"Can you pray?" interrogated the female, turning abruptly to the startled captive. "Then pray now. We are making for Delaware Bay. When we enter its waters, you are going overboard, with a bar of iron lashed to your feet!"

A sense of her absolute peril now centered in the young girl, and she wailed:

"I never harmed you!—we never met before! Don't do this deed—in the name of Heaven, spare me! Take me back to my friends!"

The Dwarf was strangely affected. He

"Take her back! Hear hear, Catdjo! Ha! ha! ha!"

A guttural, chuckling, gurgling sound came from Catdjo's thick lips. His face never relaxed its fierceness.

"Whoever you are," cried the now thoroughly affrighted girl, "have mercy. Let me return."

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!"—a grating, heartless laugh; and then: "No mercy for the child of Silas Dufour! Ha! ha! catch her! Don't let her escape!"

Ytol had leaped from the couch, and darted in the direction of the door.

It was mechanical, the impulse of her terror, for her heart was pulseless, and her mind derelictus with the sudden comprehension of her real danger.

"Stop her! Catdjo!—stop her!"

The Dwarf caught her rudely by the arm—a grip that wrung from her a shriek of pain.

"Ugh!" he grunted, holding her struggling in his vice-like grip.

Ytol had leaped from the couch, and darted in the direction of the door.

It was mechanical, the impulse of her terror, for her heart was pulseless, and her mind derelictus with the sudden comprehension of her real danger.

"Stop her! Catdjo!—stop her!"

The Dwarf caught her rudely by the arm—a grip that wrung from her a shriek of pain.

"Ugh!" he grunted, holding her struggling in his vice-like grip.

Ytol had leaped from the couch, and darted in the direction of the door.

It was mechanical, the impulse of her terror, for her heart was pulseless, and her mind derelictus with the sudden comprehension of her real danger.

"Stop her! Catdjo!—stop her!"

The Dwarf caught her rudely by the arm—a grip that wrung from her a shriek of pain.

"Ugh!" he grunted, holding her struggling in his vice-like grip.

Ytol had leaped from the couch, and darted in the direction of the door.

It was mechanical, the impulse of her terror, for her heart was pulseless, and her mind derelictus with the sudden comprehension of her real danger.

"Stop her! Catdjo!—stop her!"

The Dwarf caught her rudely by the arm—a grip that wrung from her a shriek of pain.

"Ugh!" he grunted, holding her struggling in his vice-like grip.

Ytol had leaped from the couch, and darted in the direction of the door.

It was mechanical, the impulse of her terror, for her heart was pulseless, and her mind derelictus with the sudden comprehension of her real danger.

"Stop her! Catdjo!—stop her!"

THE SATURDAY STAR JOURNAL

Saturday Journal

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 1, 1873.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a news-dealer, or those preferring to have it sent to them, may, by mail, from the publication office, or be supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers:

One copy, four months \$1.00

Two copies, one year \$2.00

In all orders for subscriptions we careful to give address in full—State, County and Town. The paper is always shipped, promptly, at expiration of time. Subscribers who have to pay 20 cents extra, to pay American postage.

All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to

BRADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,
90 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

The Star Serials

TO APPEAR IN RAPID SUCCESSION
IN THE
Saturday Journal.

NADIA.

THE RUSSIAN SPY;

or,

The Brothers of the Starry Cross.

BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER,
AUTHOR OF "RED RAJAH," "THE ROCK RIDER," ETC., ETC.

THE DOCTOR'S WARD;

or,

The Web of the Father's Hate.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,
AUTHOR OF "MADAME DURAND'S PROTEGES," "CROOKED WIFE," "STRANGELY WED," ETC., ETC.

ONE-ARMED ALF;

or,

The Giant Scout of the Great Lakes.

BY OLL COOMES,
AUTHOR OF "DEATH-NOTCH," "THE BOY SPY," "OLD SOLITARY," ETC., ETC.

Gentleman George;

or,

THE MODOCs OF NEW YORK.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "THE WITCHES OF NEW YORK," "THE MAD DETECTIVE," "SCARLET HAND," ETC., ETC.

All by writers of unequalled popularity—each a

center of interest dissimilar and peculiar—covering the wide fields of Love and Heart Life; Border and Indian Life; City Life; Domestic Life;

Life in the Prison, the Palace and the Camp. What paper in America can present such a literary programme for the season? And yet, these are

but a small portion of the splendid things that already are provided for the Readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL. "The Gem of the Weeklies."

Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.—"Holding the mirror up to Nature" is a very sure way to enlist attention, on or off the stage. Yet, comparatively few authors comprehend the fact that he is most celebrated and the most read who delineates life and human nature most truthfully. Mr. Aiken, aside from the intrinsic interest of his stories, and the art of his plot, is notably a keen student of nature. His stories, indeed, present a succession of life-pictures whose force and truthfulness impress the most careless reader. Referring to this element in his contributions an intelligent reader writing from Vineland, N. J., says:

"The 'JOURNAL' is very popular here. It is what I call a clean paper. I have read aloud the Justice Court scenes in 'The Man-from-Texas' to a number of my friends, and they were delighted with the faithful portraiture of South-western justice. Indeed, I have witnessed incidents, fully as rich, down in Georgia, since the war."

That Mr. Aiken had "been there," and photographed Arkansas life from the spot, his "Man-from-Texas" gives most ample assurance. It is a queer, strange story, and, in our opinion, one of the best American novels ever written, and will be so pronounced when it is reprinted on the other side of the ocean.

Many of the writers whose pens give life and interest to our paper, are writing out of their own experiences, on Sea and Land—in City and Country—among the savages and among the *elite* of the "Best Circles." None write so well as those who speak of what they know. To show out of what material some authors are made, we quote the following paragraphs from a letter accompanying a contribution for our columns:

"A decided love for adventure and novelty of position has caused some thirty odd years of my life to be spent in traveling the entire world, and filling positions of an anomalous character.

"I have served in twenty distinct branches of the armies of five nations—and in the navies of two. I have had appointments in hospitals, lunatic asylums, convict establishments and jails; have been employed in the police and detective service; traveled with theatrical and circus companies, besides filling quite a variety of widely different occupations (some of a very singular nature) in various parts of the world.

"Now, in the total absence of vanity, I am sure that my memory abounds in stories, anecdotes and strange facts possessing as much amusement, interest and originality as can be found in similar writings of the day."

If this gentleman doesn't succeed as an author it certainly will not be from lack of life-adventure and experience. It may be that, like our Major Max Martine, he knows so much from his own experience that if he told the whole truth people would not believe him!

APPLICATION.

The failures that beset so many individuals in this mundane sphere of ours have for their origin the lack of application, and the throwing away of the substance to seek after the shadow.

We are a roving, changeable set of human beings, and, thinking we can better our condition by a change, we neglect the opportunities we have by seeking after others which we seldom obtain; whereas, were we to place our attention on the work we have before us, we should be more sure of arriving at some ultimate good than by idling our time away in the vain hope

of becoming more wealthy and famous through some undefined channel.

It is strange that, when men have sufficient means, they do not invest them in some sure enterprise instead of rushing headlong into speculations that eventually lead to their ruin.

There are authors who are not as willing to apply themselves to one work as to have many on their hands. They commence a story and arrive at the very center of it, when new ideas and plots enter their brains, and they leave the work to begin another, most likely to relinquish it as they did the first. Thus they have an amount of unfinished *Mss.* upon their hands—productions which they scarcely ever complete, thereby causing them a loss of time, labor and money.

Whatever one begins he should strive to finish, or the precious moments God has given us to use will be wasted and our works good for naught.

Strict application will do more wonders for us than we are aware of. Phonography looks extremely hard at first; it appears as though it never could be mastered; but, by patience and perseverance, the student is able, ere a great while, to write a hundred words a minute and often more. Were we to give up at the first discouragement, there would never be much gained in the world; sluggards would take the place of the workers, and idleness push in its place.

He thanked them on behalf of himself, sat down, tried to spit clean of the carpet but didn't, and proceeded to tell the story of his adventures and discoveries. He spoke of the islands he had visited—especially of Coney Island, where he met the natives in their original simplicity, but had been very much set back by being too sure that he knew which card was the three-spot, and had lost confidence and some money.

Had suffered the exquisite pleasure of being interviewed by reporters for seventeen daily papers, and had his name spelled wrong in fourteen of them. He had smoked the cigar of peace with the President, who received him with great hospitality at his wigwam, and introduced him to his counselors, and made no attempt to burn him at the stake, and he had received many free tickets to concerts and theaters.

Gold! There was no end to it in the United States; it was everywhere; and of silver there was an abundance. He had bought gold watches and chains at the auction stores for little or nothing, and any amount of silver spoons at fifty cents a set; and there were plenty more left, enough to load all the White Star steamers. He said he had been completely bewildered at the abundance of the precious metals; they were everywhere.

One of the greatest discoveries he had made was of a peculiar beverage which the natives seemed very fond of, called whisky, obtained by tapping corn-stalks and rectifying the juice; he begged to present his monarch with a choice bottle of it, sworn to be ten years old and not infirm. Ferd swallowed the marvelous story and the contents of the bottle, and got exhilarated, and said Columbus was a bully boy, and that the beverage was the best article to make a fellow walk Spanish he had ever tasted. This was the proudest moment of Columbus's life.

He called Ferd's attention to the group of natives who had come along with him on their road to the Vienna Exposition, tricked out in the most gorgeous array—the male Aborigines in swallow-tailed coats and plug hats, patinet-leather boots and much watch seal; the females in all the glory of the native American fashions. Queen Is was perfectly charmed at their rich apparel, and was greatly surprised to hear that wives of the poorest husbands there dressed equally as fine or got a divorce.

I hate to see our people neglect our native talent and rush after that which is foreign, just as though we were ashamed of the products of our own dear country and thought that no person possessed talent except foreigners, and nothing was good in America.

A manager wants a star; he runs over to England to secure it. An Impressario desires a prima donna; he goes to Italy for her, and for gets that she is just as much talent at home as he can get abroad, but then, you know, it must be foreign to please the public. Must it? Well, then, the public are humbugs, and if any one thinks I am naughty to call names you can just tell them I am Lawless considers it no sin to tell the truth, whatever others may think.

Then you know this foreign flummery must have three and four times the amount of salary demanded by our own native performers, which has ever been a most impenetrable mystery to me, though I presume it is all right, and I must be woefully ignorant not to be able to see it. If now—mind, I say if—foreigners are worth more than natives, let them be paid accordingly; but if we didn't patronize the former, and almost totally disregard the latter, they wouldn't be worth more to the managers, looking at the matter in a pecuniary light. We ought to take a pride in the merit of our own performers and let them have the benefit of our spare change, but we don't, and that just makes us appear foolish and inconsistent.

Gold! There you know this foreign flummery must have three and four times the amount of salary demanded by our own native performers, which has ever been a most impenetrable mystery to me, though I presume it is all right, and I must be woefully ignorant not to be able to see it. If now—mind, I say if—foreigners are worth more than natives, let them be paid accordingly; but if we didn't patronize the former, and almost totally disregard the latter, they wouldn't be worth more to the managers, looking at the matter in a pecuniary light. We ought to take a pride in the merit of our own performers and let them have the benefit of our spare change, but we don't, and that just makes us appear foolish and inconsistent.

Chat.—"Holding the mirror up to Nature" is a very sure way to enlist attention, on or off the stage. Yet, comparatively few authors comprehend the fact that he is most celebrated and the most read who delineates life and human nature most truthfully. Mr. Aiken, aside from the intrinsic interest of his stories, and the art of his plot, is notably a keen student of nature. His stories, indeed, present a succession of life-pictures whose force and truthfulness impress the most careless reader. Referring to this element in his contributions an intelligent reader writing from Vineland, N. J., says:

"The 'JOURNAL' is very popular here. It is what I call a clean paper. I have read aloud the Justice Court scenes in 'The Man-from-Texas' to a number of my friends, and they were delighted with the faithful portraiture of South-western justice. Indeed, I have witnessed incidents, fully as rich, down in Georgia, since the war."

That Mr. Aiken had "been there," and photographed Arkansas life from the spot, his "Man-from-Texas" gives most ample assurance. It is a queer, strange story, and, in our opinion, one of the best American novels ever written, and will be so pronounced when it is reprinted on the other side of the ocean.

Many of the writers whose pens give life and interest to our paper, are writing out of their own experiences, on Sea and Land—in City and Country—among the savages and among the *elite* of the "Best Circles." None write so well as those who speak of what they know. To show out of what material some authors are made, we quote the following paragraphs from a letter accompanying a contribution for our columns:

"A decided love for adventure and novelty of position has caused some thirty odd years of my life to be spent in traveling the entire world, and filling positions of an anomalous character.

"I have served in twenty distinct branches of the armies of five nations—and in the navies of two. I have had appointments in hospitals, lunatic asylums, convict establishments and jails; have been employed in the police and detective service; traveled with theatrical and circus companies, besides filling quite a variety of widely different occupations (some of a very singular nature) in various parts of the world.

"Now, in the total absence of vanity, I am sure that my memory abounds in stories, anecdotes and strange facts possessing as much amusement, interest and originality as can be found in similar writings of the day."

If this gentleman doesn't succeed as an author it certainly will not be from lack of life-adventure and experience. It may be that, like our Major Max Martine, he knows so much from his own experience that if he told the whole truth people would not believe him!

Whether that speech is right or wrong is not for me to say, but such speeches are made, and until we turn over a new leaf they will continue to be made.

Let us give our own kith and kin an opportunity to make their mark, and show them how much we appreciate their endeavors, and you will find that those who are sluggish now will find an impetus to strive manfully for the noble end to be obtained; but if you don't give them the means of praise, how can you be so foolish as to expect them to try?

There, my good Mr. Editor, and you, patient readers, that is the cause of my perturbation, and what is the verdict you give? For or against the plea of EVE LAWLESS?

A true indication of the popularity of an author and his works is the accession to the number of his regular readers with each new story. Probably no single story published within ten years added more to a growing list than THE WOLF DEMON, when that romance was first given publicity in the columns of this paper, three years ago. If the same result follows its second issue it will produce magnificent results. Such results certainly will follow if every patron of the JOURNAL befriends for it the attention of friends and acquaintances. This we are quite sure our readers will do, and thus add another to the obligations which we owe to them for repeated marks of their esteem for their favorite weekly.

Bank and Bonnets.—How Bonnets Sold During the Bank Panic.—A Fall Opening.—The Coming Fashion in Bonnets.—Can we Make Our Bonnets at Home?

In the midst of that week of Black Fridays in Wall street, when broker after broker suspended payment, when every hour in each day was marked with the failure of some great banking house, I received an invitation to a "fall opening" of hats and bonnets, Parisian "creations" and home "productions." I came very near not going, for I said to myself—no one will be there; surely hats and bonnets, new ones at least, will be considered super-

Foolscap Papers.

The Return of Columbus.

When Ferdinand and Isabella were informed by Atlantic cable dispatch of the great discoveries made in the New World by Columbus, and that he was on his way home with all his trunks and carpet-sacks and valises filled with spoils, they prepared to give him a glorious welcome.

A proud day it was for Columbus when he entered the Spanish capital with his grand procession, headed by the brass band, and made his way to the tent where Ferd and Isabella were waiting to receive him—excuse me, but my long acquaintance with these two royal personages has made me familiar with their names. They shook hands with him and told him to take a chair and be seated, and make himself comfortable.

He thanked them on behalf of himself, sat down, tried to spit clean of the carpet but didn't, and proceeded to tell the story of his adventures and discoveries. He spoke of the islands he had visited—especially of Coney Island, where he met the natives in their original simplicity, but had been very much set back by being too sure that he knew which card was the three-spot, and had lost confidence and some money.

He thanked them on behalf of himself, sat down, tried to spit clean of the carpet but didn't, and proceeded to tell the story of his adventures and discoveries. He spoke of the islands he had visited—especially of Coney Island, where he met the natives in their original simplicity, but had been very much set back by being too sure that he knew which card was the three-spot, and had lost confidence and some money.

He thanked them on behalf of himself, sat down, tried to spit clean of the carpet but didn't, and proceeded to tell the story of his adventures and discoveries. He spoke of the islands he had visited—especially of Coney Island, where he met the natives in their original simplicity, but had been very much set back by being too sure that he knew which card was the three-spot, and had lost confidence and some money.

He thanked them on behalf of himself, sat down, tried to spit clean of the carpet but didn't, and proceeded to tell the story of his adventures and discoveries. He spoke of the islands he had visited—especially of Coney Island, where he met the natives in their original simplicity, but had been very much set back by being too sure that he knew which card was the three-spot, and had lost confidence and some money.

He thanked them on behalf of himself, sat down, tried to spit clean of the carpet but didn't, and proceeded to tell the story of his adventures and discoveries. He spoke of the islands he had visited—especially of Coney Island, where he met the natives in their original simplicity, but had been very much set back by being too sure that he knew which card was the three-spot, and had lost confidence and some money.

He thanked them on behalf of himself, sat down, tried to spit clean of the carpet but didn't, and proceeded to tell the story of his adventures and discoveries. He spoke of the islands he had visited—especially of Coney Island, where he met the natives in their original simplicity, but had been very much set back by being too sure that he knew which card was the three-spot, and had lost confidence and some money.

He thanked them on behalf of himself, sat down, tried to spit clean of the carpet but didn't, and proceeded to tell the story of his adventures and discoveries. He spoke of the islands he had visited—especially of Coney Island, where he met the natives in their original simplicity, but had been very much set back by being too sure that he knew which card was the three-spot, and had lost confidence and some money.

He thanked them on behalf of himself, sat down, tried to spit clean of the carpet but didn't, and proceeded to tell the story of his adventures and discoveries. He spoke of the islands he had visited—especially of Coney Island, where he met the natives in their original simplicity, but had been very much set back by being too sure that he knew which card was the three-spot, and had lost confidence and some money.

He thanked them on behalf of himself, sat down, tried to spit clean of the carpet but didn't, and proceeded to tell the story of his adventures and discoveries. He spoke of the islands he had visited—especially of Coney Island, where he met the natives in their original simplicity, but had been very much set back by being too sure that he knew which card was the three-spot, and had lost confidence and some money.

He thanked them on behalf of himself, sat down, tried to spit clean of the carpet but didn't, and proceeded to tell the story of his adventures and discoveries. He spoke of the islands he had visited—especially of Coney Island, where he met the natives in their original simplicity, but had been very much set back by being too sure that he knew which card was the three-spot, and had lost confidence and some money.

He thanked them on behalf of himself, sat down, tried to spit clean of the carpet but didn't, and proceeded to tell the story of his adventures and discoveries. He spoke of the islands he had visited—especially of Coney Island, where he met the natives in their original simplicity, but had been very much set back by being too sure that he knew which card was the three-spot, and had lost confidence and some money.

He thanked them on behalf of himself, sat down, tried to spit clean of the carpet but didn't, and proceeded to tell the story of his adventures and discoveries. He spoke of the islands he had visited—especially of Coney Island, where he met the natives in their original simplicity, but had been very much set back by being too sure that he knew which card was the three-spot, and had lost confidence and some money.

He thanked them on behalf of himself, sat down, tried to spit clean of the carpet but didn't, and proceeded to tell the story of his adventures and discoveries. He spoke of the islands he had visited—especially of Coney

A STORY.

BY JOHNNIE DABE.

The old manor-house seemed to groan in the night, And the moonbeams, so ghostly and pale, Threw out their deep shadows as if in affright, And the wind gave a desolate wail.

In her chamber aloft in the lonely old tower, Fair Ethel sat pale as one dead, She should marry—her guardian had said.

Old Simpkins, the banker, had asked for her hand To give to young Roger, his son, "Twil join our estates—'tis a fine piece of land;" Said her guardian, "it's well—count it done."

But the old heads in plotting ne'er thought of young hearts.

And in the sequel you'll find, Two hearts bound together in pursuit of love Are a match for a dozen, combined.

On the river, that ran by her father's estate, Harry Blow—pilot—brought down the mail, And Ethel, to see him, each day as he passed, On the river dock stood without fail.

At first 'twas the papers, and then a bouquet; That he brought from the town up above; Then a letter, and long ere a twelve-month had passed, They had both of them fallen in love.

So, when Ethel heard of her terrible fate, Went to the dock in the morn, And Harry was frightened to see his dear mate Sit weeping alone, all forlorn.

She told him her story; he stamped both his feet; Then a bright, happy thought came, I know, For he clapped up and said: "Ethel, mine, meet me here."

When I bring up the mail from below.

"Be ready to travel; and, Ethel, my dear, You may as well make up your mind, For trouble, for if your old guardian should hear, Be sure he'll not be far behind!"

So a week passed away and all was prepared, And the guests were awaiting the bride; Ethel stood from her room, and went down on the dock, And Harry stood there by her side.

The time came and passed; no Ethel came down; Young Roger looked nervously round; And old Simpkins wondered, the guests looked surprised, And her guardian muttered and frowned.

When a servant came in with a pale, frightened face, And said: "Missie look here to-night."

With a bundle of clothes, and she's now on the dock. And the mail-boat is coming in sight."

"Bring me horses," cried the guardian, "and mine," said she the son.

"She shall not get away from us so;

"Tis only a mile from the river to here,

"We can beat the old mail-boat, I know,

"And then, Mister Sallor, look out for yourself,

"For stealing my bride thus away;"

Quoth the guardian: "We'll catch him, and Roger, my boy,

He'll rue it for many a day."

But Harry looked back and saw them approach,

And the mail-boat a mile off, was still a rocket,

And up from the deck of the boat

Rose another, of crimson and green.

Said Harry, "They see us; now let them come on!

The boys will; the boat will be first,

For they're coming along at a terrible rate;

Now, Ethel, prepare for the worst."

The riders come thundering down o'er the hill,

And have now but a half-mile to run,

But the boat's at the dock, she stops—she has gone;

They're aboard, and the wild race is won!

A curse from the guardian, a yell from the son,

And a cheer from the hands on the boat,

And Harry and Ethel, high up on the deck,

Are the happiest couple afloat!

Says Harry, "My friends, there's a parson aboard,

I engaged him below at the town,

So we'll have a fine wedding; the captain, I know,

Will see that the thing's done up brown."

In a nest of col on the mossy hillock,

With the beautiful river view,

Live Harry and Ethel, now happy and free;

Long-life to lovers so true!"

A Wife's Cure.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"Married, eh? well, Phil, I must give vent to my candid opinion and say I think you are a fool."

"Indeed, you're mistaken! Just wait until you see my wife before you express yourself. Why, Tom, she's one—no, she's the very nice, prettiest little woman that ever you saw!"

Mr. Philip Graham, the husband of three months, looked down on his bachelor friend with an expression of supremest pity.

"Oh, doubtless," returned Tom Anderton. "And I suppose she don't lead you by the nose, or anything?"

How innocently meek he asked that question; how wrathfully the young husband fired up!

"Tom, don't insult her! As if my dainty little Clare would undertake to guide me, or dictate to me in any of my affairs! No, indeed, Tom Anderton, Mrs. Graham understands too thoroughly the duties and requirements of a wife to attempt such unworthy proceedings."

"And, of course, Mr. Philip Graham is so perfect a husband that he thoroughly understands all the little delightful deceptions that can be practiced on these trusting wives? I tell you what it is, Phil, I don't admire these namby-pamby women who daren't object when their liege lords smoke in the parlor, or—"

"But Clare's not that sort, either. I tell you, come home to dinner with me and see for yourself. I've sent home a pair of chickens for a roast. You like that?"

"I'd like to see Mrs. Phil better. Yes, I'll drop in the office again about five, and run up with you."

At exactly six that evening Tom Anderton sat opposite "Mrs. Phil," politely staring at the vision of loveliness, grace and piquancy, she presented.

She was a fair-haired little woman, with dark violet eyes, and statuesque cheeks; and she had enhanced all this fair-like sweetness of hers by wearing a light-blue silk dress, trimmed with dark-blue lace collar and cuffs, scarce whiter than her throat and hands.

And Tom tried his best to hide his admiration, fearful lest Phil should, in a burst of triumph, open his pet corn under the table.

"Clarie, I have to run down to New Mills to-morrow on urgent business. I may be obliged to stay till the day but one after, so just throw a couple of shirts and handkerchiefs in my valise, will you, dear?"

Tom instantly noted the shadow that flitted across her face.

"Again, Phil? I had an idea that New Mills was not much of a place for business, I'll see to the valise."

Then they got to talking, and Mrs. Graham graciously excused herself, while the gentlemen drank their champagne and smoked.

"You see, Tom, I told you it was all right, whatever I said, bless her sweet face! I'm going down for a night off to-morrow; there's a ball to be held at the new depot at New Mills, and almost all the railway officials of this division of the Erie will attend."

"But why not take Mrs. Phil?"

Phil shrugged his broad shoulders.

"Oh, well, you see, Tom, a fellow don't want to be found tied to a—"

"To the nicest, prettiest, sweetest little woman that ever lived, eh?"

Graham blushed a little.

"That's so, but—"

"Let me finish it for you, Phil. It's a shame to call a shadow to that sweet face of your wife. She's a loving, trusting little creature, Phil, and I think you give her a worse heartache than you imagine—"

"Go on; I'm not of a jealous disposition."

"No; you know what I mean. Take my

advice, and either stay at home or take Clare with you!"

Just then Clare came in.

"I've laid out your things, ready for to-morrow. Don't stay longer than you can help, will you, Phil?"

"Drive me over to the new depot."

It was a splendid-looking little lady, with jettest of hair and rich blonde skin, with which the dark-blue eyes contrasted beautifully.

"All right, Miss—"

The Jesus paused inquiringly.

"That's of no consequence, only I'm Miss Milford, and want you to drive me over to the ball-room in the depot just as quick as you can."

The bonny little lady leaned back against the leather cushions and laughed to herself all the way.

"It's the most blessed piece of luck that it's a mask ball; and won't I give him one lesson, thanks to Mr. Anderton!"

By which remark it may be perceived that Clare Graham was on her husband's track, with a dyed complexion and hair to aid her.

She adjusted her mask in the dressing-room, and went boldly in.

Fortune was on her side, for five minutes she had recognized Phil, in evening dress and a mask that barely covered his face; but then he hadn't expected to meet any one who would know him, even if it were off.

Clare had been dancing with a fierce-looking brigand chief, to whom she pointed her husband.

"Who is that stylish gentleman yonder, leaning beside that pillar? Couldn't we be introduced? I do admire him so much."

The handsome brigand wished his little silver-starred, ebon-robed Night were as enthusiastic over him, but he answered with a very good grace:

"That? I believe it is Conductor Graham, of 45. I've no doubt he'll be greatly delighted to make the charming acquaintance of Miss—"

Jehu-like, he paused for an answer.

"Oh! Miss Milford."

And five minutes later Phil was bowing deeply before the petite lady, thanking her for her condescending kindness. Such a flirtation as that! Clare leaned so confidingly against him, and Phil squeezed her hand so tenderly, and then implored her to dance with him the rest of the evening.

"But I'm afraid it wouldn't do," she laughed.

"Bless you, my Queen of Night, I'm not troubled with the latter appendage! As regards the former—why—why—I think I have had one since you came in the room."

"Wicked fellow! but then, he wasn't any thing but a man, and they don't often hesitate at such things!"

"Oh, Mr. Graham; I hope you're not so foolish as that! Why, you don't know who I am, or what I look like."

"I'll risk 'em both," said he gallantly. "Such a figure and arm only could belong with a perfect face. Besides, I always did admire brunettes; the style is so different from my—sister's."

He nearly caught himself, and that mythical "sister" almost choked Clare to death.

"If I only might have a tress of that lovely hair, Miss Milford—or a spangle off your dress, or a glove—something to remind me of the exquisite bliss of to-night!" The fat store keeper fairly shuddered at the idea.

"You shall, certainly, if I may claim something in return."

"Bless me, no!" she cried. "It is quite bad enough to tramp out here, without trying my luck any further in the swamp. I always contrive to step into some cursed mud-hole that I never discover until I am up to my knees in water. And, then, to-night, I came within an inch of treading on a black snake that looked as big round as my arm."

She spoke so carelessly, but Phil started.

"Bless you, my Queen of Night, I'm not troubled with the latter appendage! As regards the former—why—why—I think I have had one since you came in the room."

"I suppose he's been riding out that morning to the cabin?"

"I suppose he's been riding out that morning to the cabin?"

"I suppose he's been riding out that morning to the cabin?"

"I suppose he's been riding out that morning to the cabin?"

"I suppose he's been riding out that morning to the cabin?"

"I suppose he's been riding out that morning to the cabin?"

"I suppose he's been riding out that morning to the cabin?"

"I suppose he's been riding out that morning to the cabin?"

"I suppose he's been riding out that morning to the cabin?"

"I suppose he's been riding out that morning to the cabin?"

"I suppose he's been riding out that morning to the cabin?"

"I suppose he's been riding out that morning to the cabin?"

"I suppose he's been riding out that morning to the cabin?"

"I suppose he's been riding out that morning to the cabin?"

"I suppose he's been riding out that morning to the cabin?"

"I suppose he's been riding out that morning to the cabin?"

"I suppose he's been riding out that morning to the cabin?"

"I suppose he's been riding out that morning to the cabin?"

"I suppose he's been riding out that morning to the cabin?"

"I suppose he's been riding out that morning to the cabin?"

"I suppose he's been riding out that morning to the cabin?"

"I suppose he's been riding out that morning to the cabin?"

"I suppose he's been riding out that morning to the cabin?"

"I suppose he's been riding out that morning to the cabin?"

"I suppose he's been riding out that morning to the cabin?"

"I suppose he's been riding out that morning to the cabin?"

"I suppose he's been riding out that morning to the cabin?"

"I suppose he's been riding out that morning to the cabin?"

"I suppose he's been riding out that morning to the cabin?"

"I suppose he's been riding out that morning to the cabin?"

"I suppose he's been riding out that morning to the cabin?"

"I suppose he's been riding out that morning to the cabin?"

"I suppose he's been riding out that morning to the cabin?"

"I suppose he's been riding out that morning to the cabin?"

"I suppose he's been riding out that morning to the cabin?"

"I suppose he's been riding out that morning to the cabin

Texas put in. They use a good deal of gold and silver where he came from, even now," said Winnie. "I remember, too, I heard coins jingle in his pocket as he sat down that night in your cabin."

"I reckon you're right, an' you don't get nary dollar out of this chile on a sure thing," Gol replied.

"Spose you drop 'nother quarter in and make squirrel fetch—how's dat?" Pete asked, for the first time taking part in the conversation.

"I s'pose that is a good idee!" the old hunter exclaimed. "Now, Pete you don't say much, but when you do talk, it's chunks of solid wisdom. Gi'n us your quarter," and Gol stuck out his hand to the German, winking at Winnie as he did so.

"Nec'me no got so much," Pete said, with a stolid face.

Winnie laughed outright. "Euchered!" he exclaimed; "old man, you can't get Pete's quarter on deposit in *that* bank!"

"What in thunder is the use of making a motin' ef he can't carry it out?" demanded Gol, with a comical grin.

"I've got a big penny in my pocket," said Winnie. "That will do for the experiment."

"Oh, go a silver quarter, lefenant, an' kinder encourage the little critter," Gol said, with a sober face.

"No; the cent is just as good," Winnie replied; "I don't care to take any more stock in your bank than I can help."

The young soldier rose to his feet and tossed the penny in through the hole in the tree.

Then the squirrel was dispatched on his mission, but after a minute or two, he came out of the hole empty-handed.

"That's it, by thunder!" cried Gol; "he's been trained on stamps, an' don't understand that silver an' copper air valuable. I see that I will have to commence his education over again, or else git another squirrel an' train him on silver!"

Then Pete rose suddenly to his feet and cast his rifle into the hollow of his arm. All three of the men were armed, as they had been after ducks down the river that morning.

"Good-by; me comes back soon," the German said.

"Whar yur bound?" demanded Gol.

"Walk!" was the lad's laconic reply.

"Down to see Tilda, eh?"

"Maybe."

"Wal, look out for that ring-tailed wild-cat, Yell Ozark; he's squintin' arter Tilda himself," said Gol, warningly.

"Me look; not afraid if he was der tuyvel," Pete returned, as he walked off down the river.

"That boy's clear grit from his head to his big toe!" Gol ejaculated, in admiration, after Pete had got out of hearing. "I would feel a mighty sight easier 'bout him, though, if that pesky varmint, Yell Ozark, was run out of the country."

"I don't think that he'll be around much longer," Winnie said. "General Smith told me when I was in Little Rock, about a week ago, that he was going to send a squad after Ozark very soon, with orders not to return until they got him."

"I don't hanker after blood much, but a wild beast like Ozark ain't fit to live," Gol said, gravely.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 181.)

The Specter Barque. A TALE OF THE PACIFIC.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID,
AUTHOR OF "TRACKED TO DEATH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

THE LOST LOG-BOOK.

No common pirates, then; no mere crew of mutinous sailors, have carried off Carmen Montijo, and Inez Alvarez. It has been done by Francisco De Lara, and Faustino Calderon. For though they discover no evidence of the latter having been aboard the barque, it is deduced, leaving no doubt. With a scheme like that in prospect, such conspirators were not likely to part.

Now cognizant of the whole plan, with its particulars, the young officers stand gazing in one another's faces, both showing an expression of the most piteous wretchedness. The new discovery has increased it. It was painful to think of their sweethearts being the sport of robbers. But they would rather that than know them in the power of De Lara and Calderon. From what they remember of these two men, the poor girls are doomed to ruffian treatment—to ruin.

"Yes, it is all clear," says Crozier, after a pause. "No gold-getting has brought about this. That may have influenced the others who shipped as their confederates, but with them the scheme has been more comprehensive, a motive different as devilish. I see it all now."

"Do you know, Ned, I half suspected it from the first. You remember what I said as we were leaving San Francisco. After what happened between us and the two scoundrels, I had my fears about our dear girls being left in the same place with them. Still, who'd have ever thought of their following them aboard ship? Above all with Blew there, and after his promise to protect them. I remember his saying he'd lay down his life to shield them."

"He swore it—to me he swore it. It's hard to believe he has broken his oath. But from what Don Gregorio says he must have done it, and leagued with the other eleven. It appears there was that number, besides Blew. Of the four who spoke Spanish, two no doubt were De Lara and Calderon, the others their confederates who lay in wait for us that night. Oh! that they had succeeded in their intent. I could wish they had killed me!"

"Dear Ned, don't talk so despondingly. I admit things have a black look, but they may brighten. I have got a sort of belief they will. What do you propose doing after we get to Panama? If we find the frigate there, we'll be obliged to join her."

"Obliged! There's no obligation for a man reckless as I—as this misery makes me. Unless Captain Bracebridge consents to assist us in the search we contemplate, I shall go alone."

"No, Crozier; not alone, there's one that'll be with you."

"Of course, Will, I know I can count on you. What I mean is that Bracebridge won't help us with the frigate, I'll charter a vessel myself, engage a crew, and search every foot of the American coast, till I find where they've put ashore. I tell you, Cad, I love Carmen Montijo better than my life. And when a man feels that way he may do much. I have money at my command—a large fortune—and I shall spend it all to punish these pirates. If it must be, I shall leave the service. My commission may go to the dene."

"And mine. I'm with you in any way. What a pity we can't tell the place where they put in. They must have been near land to take an open boat?"

"In sight of—close to it. I've questioned Don Gregorio. He knows that much, and but little more. The poor gentleman is almost as badly beside himself as the skipper. A wonder he's not insane, too. He says they had sighted land

that morning; the first since leaving California. The captain told them they would reach Panama in about two days after. As the boat was being rowed away he saw her through the stern windows. She appeared to make for some land not far off, lit up by a clear moonlight. That's all I can get out of him."

"The old negro can tell no better story?"

"I've questioned him, too. He's equally sure of their having been close in to the coast; but what part he has no idea, any more than the oursangs. However, he states a particular fact, which is more satisfactory. A short while before they laid hold of him he was looking over the side, and saw a strangely shaped hill or mountain. He describes it as having two tops. The moon was between them, and that was why he took notice of it. That's the sum and substance of his topographical knowledge. Limited though it be, I like it the best. Those double-headed hills may some day stand us

Condor's head in position till she heads to meet the steamer. The two officers, with the negro assisting, board tacks and sheets and trim sails for the changed course.

Soon the two vessels steered in opposite directions, and lessen the distance between. And as they mutually make approach, each speculates on the character of the other. They on board the barque have little difficulty in deciding upon that of the steamer. At a glance they have seen she is not a war-ship, but a passenger packet; and as there are no others in that part of the Pacific Ocean, she can only be one of the "liners" lately established between San Francisco and Panama.

They are sure of this, and equally certain she is coming down from the former port, her destination the latter.

Not so easy for those aboard the steamship to make out the character of the craft, that has turned up in their track, standing straight toward them. They see a barque, polaca-masted, with some sails set, and others hanging in shreds from her yards. This of itself would be enough to excite curiosity; but there is something besides, a flag reversed flying at her mast-head—the ensign of Chili.

Mattering not what its nationality, enough that they know it to be a signal of distress appealing in their sympathy.

Responding to the appeal, the commander of the steamship, on coming near, orders her engines to reverse action, till the huge Leviathan, late coming at the rate of twelve knots to the hour, gradually lessens speed, and at length lies motionless upon the surface of the sea.

Simultaneously the barque being "hove to," her sails cease propelling her, and she also drifts, less than a cable's length between the two.

From the steamer the hail comes: "Barque ahoy. What barque is that?"

"The Condor—Valparaiso—in distress!"

"Send a boat aboard!"

"Not strength enough to man it."

"Wait; then, we'll tow you."

In less than five minutes time one of the quarter-boats of the liner is lowered down, and a crew leaps into it. Pulling off from her side, it soon touches that of the vessel in distress; but not for its crew to board her; Crozier has already traced out his course of action. Slipping down into the steamer's boat, he requests her crew to row him to their ship, which they do without questioning. The uniform which he wears entitles him to respect—to command.

Stepping on board the steamship, he sees that she is what he has taken her for: a packet from San Francisco—*en route* to Panama. She is crowded with passengers, at least a thousand souls of all kinds, all colors and nationalities. Most of them California gold-diggers returning to their homes, some successful, and consequently cheerful, others downcast and dispirited.

He is not long in telling his tale; first to the commander of the steamship, along with his officers; then to the passengers. For to them he makes appeal, not alone to assist in navigating the barque, but to go with him in pursuit of the pirate crew that abandoned her.

He makes known his position, and power to reward; both indorsed by the commander of the steamship, who by chance can answer for his credit.

They are not needed. Nor yet the promise of a money reward. Among the stalwart men who return from California, even the raggedest, are many who are heroes, true Paladins, despite their common attire. And amidst their rags, pistols and knives ready to be drawn for the right.

After hearing the young officer's tale, coupled with the appeal he makes, twenty men spring forward in response to it. Not for the reward offered, but as volunteers in the cause of humanity and justice. He could select twice, or thrice the number. But deeming twenty enough, with these he returns to the Condor, the two vessels then part company, the steamer continuing on for Panama; while the barque, now better manned, and with more sail set, is steered for the point where the line of lat. 7° 20' N. intersects that of long. 82° 12' W.

—

He is not long in telling his tale; first to the commander of the steamship, along with his officers; then to the passengers. For to them he makes appeal, not alone to assist in navigating the barque, but to go with him in pursuit of the pirate crew that abandoned her.

He makes known his position, and power to reward; both indorsed by the commander of the steamship, who by chance can answer for his credit.

They are not needed. Nor yet the promise of a money reward. Among the stalwart men who return from California, even the raggedest, are many who are heroes, true Paladins, despite their common attire. And amidst their rags, pistols and knives ready to be drawn for the right.

After hearing the young officer's tale, coupled with the appeal he makes, twenty men spring forward in response to it. Not for the reward offered, but as volunteers in the cause of humanity and justice. He could select twice, or thrice the number. But deeming twenty enough, with these he returns to the Condor, the two vessels then part company, the steamer continuing on for Panama; while the barque, now better manned, and with more sail set, is steered for the point where the line of lat. 7° 20' N. intersects that of long. 82° 12' W.

—

He is not long in telling his tale; first to the commander of the steamship, along with his officers; then to the passengers. For to them he makes appeal, not alone to assist in navigating the barque, but to go with him in pursuit of the pirate crew that abandoned her.

He makes known his position, and power to reward; both indorsed by the commander of the steamship, who by chance can answer for his credit.

They are not needed. Nor yet the promise of a money reward. Among the stalwart men who return from California, even the raggedest, are many who are heroes, true Paladins, despite their common attire. And amidst their rags, pistols and knives ready to be drawn for the right.

After hearing the young officer's tale, coupled with the appeal he makes, twenty men spring forward in response to it. Not for the reward offered, but as volunteers in the cause of humanity and justice. He could select twice, or thrice the number. But deeming twenty enough, with these he returns to the Condor, the two vessels then part company, the steamer continuing on for Panama; while the barque, now better manned, and with more sail set, is steered for the point where the line of lat. 7° 20' N. intersects that of long. 82° 12' W.

—

He is not long in telling his tale; first to the commander of the steamship, along with his officers; then to the passengers. For to them he makes appeal, not alone to assist in navigating the barque, but to go with him in pursuit of the pirate crew that abandoned her.

He makes known his position, and power to reward; both indorsed by the commander of the steamship, who by chance can answer for his credit.

They are not needed. Nor yet the promise of a money reward. Among the stalwart men who return from California, even the raggedest, are many who are heroes, true Paladins, despite their common attire. And amidst their rags, pistols and knives ready to be drawn for the right.

After hearing the young officer's tale, coupled with the appeal he makes, twenty men spring forward in response to it. Not for the reward offered, but as volunteers in the cause of humanity and justice. He could select twice, or thrice the number. But deeming twenty enough, with these he returns to the Condor, the two vessels then part company, the steamer continuing on for Panama; while the barque, now better manned, and with more sail set, is steered for the point where the line of lat. 7° 20' N. intersects that of long. 82° 12' W.

—

He is not long in telling his tale; first to the commander of the steamship, along with his officers; then to the passengers. For to them he makes appeal, not alone to assist in navigating the barque, but to go with him in pursuit of the pirate crew that abandoned her.

He makes known his position, and power to reward; both indorsed by the commander of the steamship, who by chance can answer for his credit.

They are not needed. Nor yet the promise of a money reward. Among the stalwart men who return from California, even the raggedest, are many who are heroes, true Paladins, despite their common attire. And amidst their rags, pistols and knives ready to be drawn for the right.

After hearing the young officer's tale, coupled with the appeal he makes, twenty men spring forward in response to it. Not for the reward offered, but as volunteers in the cause of humanity and justice. He could select twice, or thrice the number. But deeming twenty enough, with these he returns to the Condor, the two vessels then part company, the steamer continuing on for Panama; while the barque, now better manned, and with more sail set, is steered for the point where the line of lat. 7° 20' N. intersects that of long. 82° 12' W.

—

He is not long in telling his tale; first to the commander of the steamship, along with his officers; then to the passengers. For to them he makes appeal, not alone to assist in navigating the barque, but to go with him in pursuit of the pirate crew that abandoned her.

He makes known his position, and power to reward; both indorsed by the commander of the steamship, who by chance can answer for his credit.

They are not needed. Nor yet the promise of a money reward. Among the stalwart men who return from California, even the raggedest, are many who are heroes, true Paladins, despite their common attire. And amidst their rags, pistols and knives ready to be drawn for the right.

After hearing the young officer's tale, coupled with the appeal he makes, twenty men spring forward in response to it. Not for the reward offered, but as volunteers in the cause of humanity and justice. He could select twice, or thrice the number. But deeming twenty enough, with these he returns to the Condor, the two vessels then part company, the steamer continuing on for Panama; while the barque, now better manned, and with more sail set, is steered for the point where the line of lat. 7° 20' N. intersects that of long. 82° 12' W.

—

He is not long in telling his tale; first to the commander of the steamship, along with his officers; then to the passengers. For to them he makes appeal, not alone to assist in navigating the barque, but to go with him in pursuit of the pirate crew that abandoned her.

He makes known his position, and power to reward; both indorsed by the commander of the steamship, who by chance can answer for his credit.

They are not needed. Nor yet the promise of a money reward. Among the stalwart men who return from California, even the raggedest, are many who are heroes, true Paladins, despite their common attire. And amidst their rags, pistols and knives ready to be drawn for the right.

After hearing the young officer's tale, coupled with the appeal he makes, twenty men spring forward in response to it. Not for the reward offered, but as volunteers in the cause of humanity and justice. He could select twice, or thrice the number. But deeming twenty enough, with these he returns to the Condor, the two vessels then part company, the steamer continuing on for Panama; while the barque, now better manned, and with more sail set, is steered for the point where the line of lat. 7° 20' N. intersects that of long. 82° 12' W.

—

He is not long in telling his tale; first to the commander of the steamship, along with his officers; then to the passengers. For to them he makes appeal, not alone to assist in navigating the barque, but to go with him in pursuit of the pirate crew that abandoned her.

He makes known his position, and power to reward; both indorsed by the commander of the steamship, who by chance can answer for his credit.

They are not needed. Nor yet the promise of a money reward. Among the stalwart men who return from California, even the raggedest, are many who are heroes, true Paladins, despite their common attire. And amidst their rags, pistols and knives ready to be drawn for the right.

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

11

12

13

14

15

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

23

24

25

26

27

28

29

30

31

32

33

34

35

36

37

38

39

40

41

42

43

44

45

46

47

48

49

50

51

52

53

54

55

56

57

58

59

60

61

62

63

64

65

66

67

68

69

70

71

72

73

74

75

76

77

78

79

80

81

82

83

84

85

86

87

88

89

90

91

92

93

94

95

96

97

98

99

100

101

102

103

104

105

106

107

108

109

110

111

112

113

114

115

116

117

118

119

120

121

122

123

124

125

126

127

128

129

130

131

132

133

134

135

136

137

138

139

140

141

142

143

144

145

146

147

148

149

150

151

152

153

154

155

156

157

158

159

160

161

162

163

164

165

166

167

168

169

170

171

172

173

174

175

176

177

178

179

180

181

182

183

184

185

186

187

188

189

190

191

192

193

194

195

196

197

198

199

200

201

202

203

204

THE OTHER GRIMES.

BY JOE JOE, JR.

The other Grimes we learn is dead;
We grieve with sorrow sore;
He always wore a genial smile
With buttons down before.

No downcast, moping soul was he;
He had a cheerful mien;
And looked on the bright side of things
With goggles large and green.

He learned mind the truths of life
Was very quick to catch.
He had perceptions bright and keen
With buck-skin pants to match.

He loved in Nature's fields to roam,
And friends and friendship prized,
He loved the endearing tides of home,
But Jewsharp he despised.

The sad oppressed of earth
Causing him some tears to shed;
He had a heart of gromions mold,
But no teeth in his head.

True charity his study was;
He pitted those who pine,
The hopes of downcast men he raised,
And pumpkins, very fine.

To look at him you would have said,
"A kindly man is that."
He wore the name of gentleman,
But a most wretched hat.

True wisdom of the mind made bright
His daily life and work,
His soul longed for the infinite,
And roasted beans and pork.

He sowed the precious grain of Truth
And harvested its fruits,
To bless the land he trod upon
With his feet.

He never bowed before a proud
Because he thought it wrong.
He prayed for better days to come,
And chewed tobacco strong.

But on him fell affliction's hand
To end a well-spent life.
He left the world to mourn his loss,
His widow was his wife.

DICK DARLING,
The Pony Express-Rider.
A CALIFORNIA STORY.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

"Marse Dick, I tells you dat dis yer won't do. Hyar we is all alone in the perarer, and dem painted debbles comes after us, whar is we? Why, nowhar."

And Tom Nelson rolled the whites of his eyes in all directions, as if he expected to see the prairie alive with enemies.

Dick Darling laughed. He was a young fellow between twenty and thirty years of age, and he had known and escaped so many dangers that he had become somewhat reckless. Dick had been one of the first, in fact the very first man that ever rode on the Overland Pony Express, years before the Pacific Railroad was thought of. In those early days he had traversed mountain and plain so often, with packages worth millions, with no defense save his own arms, that he had grown to think that he possessed a charmed life. He was now traveling on the borders of Oregon, looking for a location to set up, within a few miles of the Klamath and Modoc reservations, and with a secret object in his mind, which will develop itself in due time.

"Never mind, Tom," he said, carelessly. "The Indians round here are all quiet on their reservations, and I wouldn't care if we were to meet a whole tribe. I came here to pre-empt a claim, and I'm going to do it in spite of all the Klamath in Oregon. If they come after us, we can run. If we want to find them, we always have Hector, and he's a better trailer than any brave on the plains."

"Yas, Marse Dick," said the negro, dubiously, "but how is I to run wid dis ole mule? He's jes' as slow as he can be, and Hector—"

The conference was broken off by a low, uneasy whine from a large hound which was loping along close to the riders, and Tom exclaimed:

"Dar, didn't I tol you so, Marse Dick? Tom's a gone nigger dis dressed day. Dem's Injuns! I knows Hector's ways like a book."

Dick Darling swung his rifle round from his back and caught it under his right arm before he answered. Then he quietly observed:

"You're right, Tom; they're Indians. Turn your mule and ride slowly toward Fairfield's ranche. I'll take care of you. Tell Miss Charlotte—I mean, tell the Fairfields that I shall be there by sunset, unless I lose my hair, which I don't think likely. Don't hurry, for they can't catch you. Keep a steady trot and you'll tire the ponies out, if you have a good start. Take Hector with you."

He had hardly finished speaking when over a swell of the prairie rode a plumed Indian, in full war costume, followed by at least a dozen warriors. As soon as the latter saw the two riders, they halted, and took a long, silent stare. For the first time Dick Darling looked grave; his keen and practiced eye recognized them as Modoc braves; and in spite of rumors of peace, they were all in their war-paint.

"Away, Tom, and God speed you," was the young man's exhortation. Then setting spurs to his horse, he galloped straight toward the war-party, while the negro, his face turning a dirty gray with fear, and his eyes rolling wildly, trotted away to the south-west, followed by the dog, the obstinate old mule keeping the same pace, and shaking his ears with a grunt at every new dig of Tom's heels.

The darky was by no means a novice in prairie lore. With a good horse under him and a rifle, he would not have hesitated to face the same enemy that his race so heartily detests. As it was, he had fallen in with his old friend Marse Dick when he was wandering about the settled portions of California, totally unarmed, and mounted on an old mule on which he had been peddling thwarts to the farmers. The two had traveled out of the bounds of civilization, Tom growing more uneasy every day, but ashamed to desert his comrade, till they came to the Klamath reservation, as we have described.

Now Tom rode off steadily to the south-west, and speedily reached a swell of land which would hide him from the pursuit of those "painted debbles" as he called them. Just as he crossed the swell he heard a rifle-shot and looked back.

Dick Darling, one against a dozen, was galloping off at a right-angle to his own course, pursued by all the Modocs, with loud yells.

" Didn't I tol you so, Marse Dick? " muttered the darky, regretfully, as he plunged into the next bottom. " Ise gwine to Fairfield's to guy you message, but gorrangimy, tain't no use talking. Dem'll neber see you agen, now. You is smart, but Cappen Jack is smarter."

The negro pursued his way with caution and experience, keeping between the swells, followed by the dog, and never exposing his person at the top of any eminence however slight. He kept toward the south-west, where, he was aware, was situated the ranche of Fairfield, the Indian trader, whose affiliations with all the tribes were such that his goods were never harmed in any war.

It was toward this place that Darling had recommended him to go. Whether he would reach it alive was a moot point still. He could not hope to do it by speed. It all depended on whether any of the Modocs followed himself or not. He pressed on, ever and anon listening intently for the sound of pursuers. But none came and the hound gave no more tokens of uneasiness. Tom pursued his way in peace; and about four in the afternoon uttered a cry of joy. Fairfield's ranche, a small neat dwelling in the midst of a stockade of great strength stood before him, as he turned the corner of a swell of land. The happy darky pounded vigorously at the sides of his mule, and succeeded in persuading the animal into a lumbering gallop, at which pace he clattered up to the gate of the stockade, yelling:

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he